SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

838. a. 22.
3.

WHICH ARE INTRODUCED IN THE

NEW ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

JUBILEE,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal, in Drury-Lane.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Becket, the Corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand. 1778.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

The SERENADE: or, MORNING ADDRESS.

To the Ladies,

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Mr. KEAR, Mr. FAWCETT, &c.

LET beauty with the ſun ariſe
To SHAKESPEARE tribute pay,
With heavenly ſmiles and ſpeaking eyes,
Give luſtre to the day.

Each ſmile ſhe gives protects his name;
And who ſhall dare to frown?
Not envy's ſelf can blaſt the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown.

AIR.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

I.

THIS is, Sir, a Jubilee,
Crowding without company,
Riot without Jollity,
That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis night and day, Sir,
I hope that you will ſtay, Sir,
To ſee our Jubilee.

II.

On the road ſuch croſſes, Sir,
Curſing, jolts, and toſſes, Sir
Poſting without horſes, Sir,
That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis, &c.

III.

Odes, Sir, without poetry,
Muſic without melody,
Singing without harmony,
That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis, &c.

IV.

Holes to thruſt your head in, Sir,
Lodgings without bedding, Sir,
Beds as if they'd lead in, Sir,
That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis, &c.

V.

Blankets without ſheeting, Sir,
Dinners without eating, Sir,
Not without much cheating, Sir,
That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis night and day, Sir,
I hope that you will ſtay, Sir,
To ſee our Jubilee.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. DAVIES, &c.

I.

YE *Warwickſhire* lads, and ye laſſes,
See what at our Jubilee paſſes,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a *Warwickſhire* lad,
Warwickſhire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a *Warwickſhire* lad.

II.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty,
Where much ſhe has giv'n, and ſome to he ſpar'd,
For the bard of all bards, was a *Warwickſhire* bard,
Warwickſhire bard,
Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards, was a *Warwickſhire* bard.

III.

Each ſhire has its different pleaſures,
Each ſhire has its different treaſures;
But to rare *Warwickſhire* all muſt ſubmit,
For the wit of all wits, was a *Warwickſhire* wit,
Warwickſhire wit,
How he writ!
For the wit of all wits, was a *Warwickſhire* wit.

IV.

Old Ben, *Thomas Otway*, *John Dryden*,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in,
Of famous *Will Congreve*, we boaſt too the ſkill,
But the *Will* of all *Wills*, was a *Warwickſhire Will*,
Warwickſhire Will,
Matchleſs ſtill,
For the *Will* of all *Wills*, was a *Warwickſhire Will*.

V.

Our SHAKESPEARE compar'd is to no man,
Nor *Frenchman*, nor *Grecian*, nor *Roman*,
Their ſwans are all geeſe, to the *Avon*'s ſweet ſwan,
And the man of all men, was a *Warwickſhire* man.
Warwickſhire man,
Avon's ſwan,
And the man of all men, was a *Warwickſhire* man.

VI.

As ven'ſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it our bard took delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags, was a *Warwickſhire* wag,
Warwickſhire wag,
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags, was a *Warwickſhire* wag.

VII.

There never was ſeen ſuch a creature,
Of all ſhe was worth, he robb'd nature!
He took all her ſmiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves, was a *Warwickſhire* thief,
Warwickſhire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves, was a *Warwickſhire* thief.

THE

The MULBERRY-TREE.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. BANNISTER, &c.

I.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my ſweet SHAKESPEARE, was planted by thee,
As a relick I kiſs it, and bow at the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand, muſt be ever divine!
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry,
Matchleſs was he,
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!

II.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky,
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear,

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

III.

Our Oak is held royal, is *Britain*'s great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our King, and will always our coaſt,
But of Fir we make ſhips, we have thouſands that fight;
While One, only One, like our SHAKESPEARE can write,

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

IV.

* Let *Venus* delight in her gay mirtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and *Flora* in flowers;
The garden of SHAKESPEARE all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and the faireſt of fruit,

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

V.

*With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies Law and Phyſick, and grace for the church,
But Law and the Goſpel in SHAKESPEARE we find,
And he gives the beſt Phyſick for body and mind,

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

N. B. The Stanzas marked thus * are omitted in the Performance.

IV.

VI.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let *Phœbus* and *Bacchus* their glories reſign,
Our tree ſhall ſurpaſs both the Laurel and Vine.

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

VII.

The Genius of SHAKESPEARE out-ſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has Laurel, and Bays, and the Vine all in one.

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

VIII.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Fill, fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,
To honour his country, do honour to him,

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry,
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!

CHORUS

FOR THE

PAGEANT.

HENCE, ye prophane! and only they,
Our pageant grace, our pomp ſurvey,
Whom love of ſacred genius brings:
Let pride, let flattery decree,
Honours to deck the memory,
Of warriors, ſenators, and kings!
Not leſs in glory and deſert,
The Poet here receives his part,
A tribute from the feeling heart.

PART

PART II.

A BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

I.

THE pride of all nature was ſweet *Willy* O *,
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the ſweet *Willy* O;

II.

He ſung it ſo rarely did ſweet *Willy* O,
He melted each maid,
So ſkilful he play'd,
No ſhepherd e'er pip'd like the ſweet *Willy* O.

III.

All nature obey'd him, this ſweet *Willy* O,
Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he ſung follow'd ſweet *Willy* O.

* SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

He would be a * ſoldier, the ſweet *Willy* O;
When arm'd in the field,
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurał was won by the ſweet *Willy* O.

V.

He charm'd 'em when living, the ſweet *Willy* O;
And when *Willy* dy'd,
'Twas nature that ſigh'd,
To part with her all in her ſweet *Willy* O.

* Writer of Tragedy.

AIR.

Sung by Mrs. DAVIES.

ALL this for a poet—O no,
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago!
How can you jeer one,
How can you fleer one,
A poet, a poet—O no:
'Tis not ſo,
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.

It muſt be ſome great man,
A prince, or a ſtate-man,
It can't be a poet—O no:
Your poet is poor,
And nobody ſure,
Regards a poor poet I trow:
The rich ones we prize,
Send 'em up to the ſkies,
But not a poor poet—O no—
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.

Spoken

Spoken by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

O'ER each heart he was ruler,
Made 'em warmer or cooler,
Could make 'em to laugh or to cry!
What we lock'd in our breasts,
Tho' as close as in chests,
Was not hid from the conjuror's eye!

Mrs. DAVIES.

Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a mon.

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

If he saw ye he knew ye,
Would look thro' and thro' ye,
Thro' skin, and your flesh, and your cloaths,
Had you vanity, pride,
Fifty follies beside,
He would see 'em, as plain as your nose.

Mrs. DAVIES.

Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid would live near such a mon.

DUETTO.

DUETTO,

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN and Mrs. DAVIES.

Let us ſing it, and dance it,
Rejoice it, and prance it,
That no man has now ſuch an art;
What would come of us all,
Both the great ones, and ſmall,
Should he live to peep now in each heart?

Tho' ſins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near ſuch a man.

CHORUS.

THIS is the day, a holiday! a holiday!
Drive ſpleen and rancour far away,
This is the day, a holiday! a holiday!
Drive care and ſorrow far away,

* Here nature nurs'd her darling boy,
From whom all care and ſorrow fly,
Whoſe harp the Muſes ſtrung:
From heart to heart let joy rebound,
Now, now we tread enchanted ground,
Here SHAKESPEARE walk'd, and ſung!

* The laſt Stanza is omitted in the Performance.

ROUNDE-

ROUNDELAY.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Mr. DAVIES, Mrs. WRIGHTEN, Mrs. DAVIES, Mrs. JEWEL, Mrs. SCOTT, &c.

I.

SISTERS of the tuneful ſtrain!
Attend your parent's jocund train,
'Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

II.

On *Avon*'s banks, where SHAKESPEARE's buſt
Points out, and guards his ſleeping duſt,
The ſons of Scenic Mirth decree
To celebrate this Jubilee.

III.

* By *Garrick* led, the grateful band,
Haſte to their poet's native land,
With rites of ſportive revelry,
To celebrate his Jubilee.

N. B. The Stanzas marked with a * are omitted in the ſinging.

IV.

IV.

* Come daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and ſprightly ſtring,
Wit, and joke, and repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

V.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th'Aerial Sprite and Fairy Crew,
And the Siſter-Graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee,

VI.

Hang around the ſculptur'd tomb
The 'broider'd veſt, the nodding plume,
And the maſk of comic glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

VII.

From *Birnam Wood*, and *Boſworth's Field*,
Bring the ſtandard, bring the ſhield,
With drums, and martial ſymphony,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

VIII.

In mournful numbers now relate,
Poor *Deſdemona*'s hapleſs fate
With frantic deeds of jealouſy,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

IX.

Nor be *Windſor*'s Wives forgot,
With their harmleſs merry plot,
The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

X.

Now in jocund ſtrains recite,
The revels of the braggart [illegible]
Fat *Knight*! and antient *P[illegible]*
To celebrate our Jubilee.

XI.

But ſee! in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the ſplendid ſcene repair,
A ſcene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

F I N I S.